

Choose one of the following parts to be familiar with for the audition.

Part 1

VIDAL (Italian Movie Star): What do you do?

CHARITY: I'm a dance hall hostess

V:oh

C: You see. You shoulda let me lie. I was gonna be an Assistant Dental technician.

V: (opening champagne) That doesn't sound very impressive.

C: It is to a dance hall hostess.

V: You're the one who doesn't seem very impressed. (pours champagne) Why did you ever take a job like that?

C: I don't know. Fickle finger of fate, I guess.

V: What?

C: Fickle finger of fate. Don't you know what that means?

V: Yes, I think so.

C: I don't. Not really. But so many things seem to happen to me and I don't know why or how. People always ask me "Why did you take up with that guy?" or "How did you wind up in that joint?" I got so embarrassed always saying "I don't know" But it was the truth. I don't. (spits out olive pit) Scousi. But I guess you're supposed to know why you do things or how you wind up in places..... (she shrugs).....anyway, now when anyone asks me "why" or "how?" I just say – "Fickel finger of fate"....and I don't get embarrassed anymore.

V: I think you just like saying it.

C: (delighted) I think you're right. Fickle finger of fate....fickle finger of fate. (she laughs) Feels good. It cools the mouth. You wanna try it?

V: all right Fickle finger of fate.

C: You like it?

V: Very nice.

C: I got lots of phrases I like to say, even when they don't exactly fit. Like if some wise-arse at the Fan-Dango says to me something fresh or something dirty and I just can't think quick enough to answer, I like to say... "Up yours".

V: (a little surprised) You do?

C: Oh yeah. That's a good one. Fits almost any question. Of course I wouldn't say it to a nice refined gentleman like you. I mean it wouldn't be right. You say to me,

“why did you ever take a job like a dance hall hostess?” And then I say, “Up Yours”
... It just isn’t nice...But I can say “Fickle finger of fate,” can’t I?

V: (laughs) You certainly can. (Hands her a glass) Here. Let’s drink to it.

Part 2

CHARITY: Oscar...I had to see you to tell you ... I can’t see you anymore.

OSCAR (the love interest): (starts to turn) What?

C: Don’t look at me. Don’t look at me. (He turns back again) Aren’t you going to ask me why. Aren’t you going to ask me why I can’t see you anymore.

O: Why can’t you see me anymore?

C: Never mind. I’ll tell you. Because we’re not getting anywhere, that’s why. And we’re not going to get anywhere either because you don’t even know where I have been...Oscar...I don’t, never have, and probably never will WORK IN A BANK.

O: Oh?

C: I don’t even have a bank account. I keep my money in an empty can of Chase and Sanborn coffee.

O: Charity—

C: And do you have any idea of how I earn that money? Do you? Heh?

O: You’re a dance hall hostess.

C: I’m a dance hall hostess. I work in a dance hall. I dance with strange men and talk to them and drink with them and – (she suddenly realises what he said) That’s right. How did you know?

O: ...I’ve known it for a week now. I was riding a bus one night, saw you, jumped off and before I could catch you I saw you go into this dance hall. I went in and stood in the corner. You were sitting in a booth with some man. You were laughing and giggling. I didn’t stay very long – an hour or so. ...that night when I went home, I tried very very hard to hate you, Charity ... but I couldn’t do it. I just couldn’t hate you.

C: Maybe you’ll have better luck tonight. Do you know what other business some of the girls are in?

O: I’m not interested.

C: Don’t you want to ask me if I am too?

O: It’s not important.

C: (indignant) Not important? Well, it is to me. I'm in love with you, Oscar, and I'm not going to waste being in love with some jerk who isn't interested enough to find out if I really am what I'm hinting I might be. Don't look at me.

O: Charity, I don't care what you are or what you did. All I know is I want to marry you.

C: Let's settle one thing at a time, heh? I am not in any other business. All I sell is my time...But just to keep the record straight, I am not a poetical virgin! (she bursts into tears)